War's Alarms.

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HARD fate decreed by war's alarms,
And William forc'd to quit my arms
With every danger to contend,
His country's rights for to defend,
My tender breaſt
Is ſore oppreſs'd,
With every doubt and fear,
Leſt a ſwelling wave
Should prove his grave,
And rob me of my dear.

Where angry cannons loudly roar,
And threaten vengeance to our ſhore,
The undaunted Britons ſcorn to fly,
Reſolv'd to conquer or to die;
My tender breaſt
Is ſore oppreſs'd,
With every doubt and fear,
Leſt a fatal ſhot
Should prove his lot,
And rob me of my dear.

Yet Providence may on him ſmile,
And guard him ſafe to Britain's iſle,
To meet reward for all his toil,
And happy reſt on his native ſoil;
My tender breaſt
A hope poſſeſs'd,
For him my conſtant care.
When a peace proclaim'd,
The happy theme
Will bleſs me with my dear.